

FD Techno POVs

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FD Techno POVs

by [HaroThar](#)

Summary

From Darkness moments in time, from Technoblade's point of view, starting before Ranboo even enters the picture.

Notes

Who's excited for *~*backstory!*~* This won't be a whole retelling of From Darkness, just moments here or there where I think being inside Techno's head would be either funny or interesting

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Techno passed through the streets of Fayse's central city with a straight spine and a lifted chin. Uncomfortable, but proud. The people here weren't receptive towards him. It could just be because he was an outsider, though in cities this size, nobody knew everyone. Therefore unlikely. It could just be that he was a hybrid, with flicking ears and heavy hooves. That was more likely. There was definitely prejudice to go around, in Fayse, which was one of the many reasons he and Phil were sussing it out.

It could also be that the people here knew the sight of him.

Of Technoblade.

Acolyte to the Blood God, undefeated warrior, burner of cities, salter of the earth. His cape and crown and boar-skull mask were enough of a giveaway, on that front. A populace brainwashed by its ruling class would likely not welcome a known and violent anarchist.

Still, his reputation was not always right. He was not unreasonable. He did not strike without first speaking. Not that anyone here would *talk* to him, but, y'know. He started in the slums, knowing that a populace's poorest and most vulnerable communities were the most indicative of the rot that having a government inevitably brought.

A lot of hybrids. More hybrids than he'd seen anywhere else in the city. These people at least spoke to him, though they were curt, and secretive. The children wound up being the best sources, trading information for Niki's breadrolls. Most of the words they spoke were off topic (if he could decipher their little tongues at all), but the true information they gave him was this: they were hungry.

Unwashed, too, and Techno was one to talk. Underclothed for the fall weather. Many of them were without shoes, and not in the way he was. Not for having hooves. He thanked them with a bit of emerald and a bit more bread, knowing their parents likely wouldn't trust the currency when they heard where their kids had gotten it, and he headed towards the center of the city.

Maybe Techno was wrong (he never was. It'd be hilarious if it wasn't so exhausting). Maybe Fayse was impoverished, as a whole, and even those who had more were still only just getting by. It could happen. It wouldn't, but it could happen.

He inspected, briefly, the sewers on his way. Ill-maintained. The roads were only somewhat better, and clearly some roads were better maintained than others. Roads to commerce, main roads in and out of the city, and roads towards the massive, beautiful buildings where the noble and ruling classes lived.

A beat of wings, but Techno didn't turn. In a city like this, only one man would be flying.

"Let's not get injured while we're here, yeah?" Phil joked, hiding his hands in the large sleeves of his haori. "Medicine is hells of expensive around these parts. Hospitals're even

worse.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” Techno grunted, ghosting his consciousness over the healing pots in his inventory, just in case he needed them. “Let’s try not to go broke, either. Doesn’t look like we’d receive much support.”

Phil hummed, two of his little bird steps for every purposeful stride of Techno’s hooves.

“No one here wants to speak to me,” Techno remarked.

“Or me.”

“We may need to ask Nemesis, if we want any kind of actual *details* about this place.”

“Looks like it,” Phil agreed mildly, both their gazes staying forward, their gaits even. “But even so, might as well speak to some of the big dogs while we’re here.”

“Might as well,” Techno rumbled, looking up at the lofty residences that seemed to float above the rest of the city. Defensible. Walled. He begrudgingly gave them that.

“Don’t suppose anyone here will tell us where to look for who,” Phil joked. It wasn’t really a question.

“Let’s just go for the one that looks the most pretentious and go from there. I don’t suppose Fayse is ruled by any kind of king?”

“Seems to be more of a group, honestly.” Techno nodded. That was the impression he’d gotten from what they’d heard, prior to their arrival here. “If they do have a figurehead, it’s likely to be more a sockpuppet than anything.” Techno nodded again. He and Phil were on the same page, then.

They often were. Particularly since Will had grown enough to move out, they’d settled into comfortable familiarity. It was a rare thing that one of them got on a wavelength that the other wasn’t also on, and Techno once again thanked the Universe and every god of fortune that listened to his bell that this man was in his life. That he’d made a friend to stand by his side like this. One who would walk with him, as he did what needed done.

There was a guard at the gate. “We’re seekin’ an audience with your boss,” Phil told him, earning them both a skeptical look.

That was only to be expected.

Techno was thankful, again, that Phil possessed a gift of gab that he did not. Nothing like Will’s, no, but a better presence and an easier time talking to others, and talking others into doing as he wanted, than Techno had. They were accompanied by guards into the pretentious home. Also expected. Phil and Techno wore their weapons on their hips, after all.

Techno nearly expected to be brought before a throne, some petty noble playing at holy monarch, but instead they were guided to a foyer and no further.

They gathered the man's name was Arvid, that he was quick tempered and did not like having violent anarchists in his government funded home. He was quite unwelcoming, really, it was gonna hurt Techno's feelings.

UwU so sad

Haha, we're gonna wreck this dude

Blood? Blood time?

Blood for the blood god!

No not yet losers he's gotta talk to them first

diplomacy pog

diplomacy pog

thank the Universe for dadza

LMAO this guy does NOT like us

It was true, the more Arvid spoke the redder his face turned. Chat got on a tomato spam and Techno ignored them, having more important matters to press.

"I'm just sayin', people pay their taxes to you so that all the money can go in one pot, and then back into community services. They're all pitchin' in on roads but the roads all look terrible, except the roads in front of your house. They're all pitchin' in on sewers, but the sewers look ready to flood the next time it rains."

"They can't even buy medicine," Phil added in, sharing a disparaging look with Techno, much like the fabled ogre and donkey of Sharek.

"Plenty of people buy medicine! It's one of our most lucrative businesses in the whole economy!"

"You realize that's a bad thing, right?"

"You—"

"Also there's severe institutional prejudice against half-bloods and hybrids in this city alone, though I'd bet it extends to country borders."

"Oh and the pig is worried about that."

Wow.

wow

Wow

wow

wOW

wow

WOW

wow

wow

“Wooooooooow,” Phil said, his feathers rising with an appalled giggle.

“You know, I appreciate you saying this directly to my face, I can respect that. In the spirit of being honest with one another: Fix your country, or there won’t be a country.”

“You come into *my* home and you threaten *me*–!”

“Yeah.”

“Yup.”

“Basically.”

“Pretty much what we’re doing here, yeah.”

“GET OUT!”

Phil and Techno both shrugged, turning casually with little regard for the tensing guards. Philza lifted a hand, not waving it but just letting it hang there in the air in parting, and Techno casually called over his shoulder, “We’ll be back.”

Alright. Time to head home, start stockpiling, and get a call out to Nemesis.

Meeting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Well well well.

If it wasn't the consequences of his own actions.

Technolame!

Technoloser

How could this happen??? TECHNOBLADE NEVER DIES!!!!

I'm not dead, Chat, I'm just captured.

They didn't like that either, but it wasn't dead! It wasn't dead. So Technoblade could... not exactly plan, with his throat and wrists bound as they were, but he could, ehbbb, theorize contingencies. Hope that living separately had spared Phil from getting caught as well.

Actually, how thick were these walls.

"Phil," he said, quiet enough that even if they were paper thin (they weren't, they were stone), no one else would hear him.

"Techno, mate, you alive?"

"Yeah, seems they want me for something specific."

"Not sure if I like that."

"I take it you did not, in fact, avoid getting captured?"

"I'm surprised they got *you*, mate."

"They caught me with my pants down. Hard to fight back when I'm half naked on the toilet."

Phil burst out laughing, a reassuring sound in this cold pitch-blackness.

"Gross! Meanwhile they just netted me while I was in a dive."

Techno winced sympathetically. Ouch. "Nothing broken?"

"Not for lack of trying, but no. I'm whole."

"Good. Stay alive until I find a way out of here."

“I’m actually doing pretty okay, all things considered. Seems someone’s having a very punny time with the ‘caged bird’ idea. That or I am apparently ‘exotic.’”

Hm. Techno hated that. But at least his friend sounded well.

“And you, mate?”

“Shackled to a stone wall in a dank cell in Arvid’s basement. If he’s not careful I might get the impression that he doesn’t like me.”

“Oof.” Phil giggled anxiously. “You injured?”

“Scrapes and bruises. Aauwp, nothing I can’t handle,” he said, puffing up his chest as much as he could with his restrictions and making his voice go low and back-throat, almost like speaking while yawning. As intended, it prompted another laugh from his friend.

“Alright, well stay safe. I’ll learn what I can from my gilded cage, and come get you if I break free first.”

“And vice versa. Stay safe.”

Alright, now to hypothesize. They’d caught him off guard, which was the only reason they’d won, really. The strength of their numbers wasn’t exactly something Techno was happy about, but he still had a few odds and ends in his inventory that would make an escape more than achievable. The obsidian, namely, that was gonna be crucial. He’d need a flint, but it was much easier to find something that lit a spark than obsidian blocks, so the hard part was over. He’d need to get ahold of Carl before he left, and was almost glad that they’d stolen his horse along with him.

He ran through possibilities. Opportunities. Theories, but tried also to keep himself... grounded. He was being given the chance to catch his breath and gather his bearings. He would not be easily defeated a second time, rested and ready.

The door. Showtime.

Arvid flung open the door with an expression that Techno was now pretty sure was stuck. Something something your face will freeze like that. In his grip was what looked, in that flash of first impression, to be an Enderman, and Techno readied himself to kick. He might be shackled about the wrists but he had powerful hindquarters, and if this guy thought locking him in a room with some mob was gonna be enough to kill *Technoblade* he had another thing com—

“Why I even keep you,” he grouched, flinging the guy in, and... oh.

That was not a mob. That was some kid. Some kid who landed on all fours and skidded slightly, then looked up at Techno with the saddest, most terrified eyes he’d seen since the last time he’d left someone too young to understand politics orphaned and homeless.

The cell was plunged into blackness once more, the kid’s green eye glowing faintly, the sole light in the dark.

“I’m sorry,” the kid gasped, voice *surprisingly* low for his frame and apparent youth. “I—I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.” He kept going, apologizing, the green light shifting back along with the sound of shuffling limbs against cold stone. Oh gee.

Oh my god he’s BABEY

Omg baby

Babieeeeeee omg omg omg he’s so widdle!

TECHNO YOU HAVE TO SAVE HIM

What even is he? He only looks half Enderman, from what we managed to see

Baby boy baby baby. Evil.

Eat him?

He’s so scared omg.

YOU GUYS THERE WAS A COLLAR HE’S A SLAVE

Shit.

He had a collar? Gah, it’d make sense, the way he acted and sometimes Chat caught things Techno missed. Either way, the kid was gonna pass out if someone didn’t intervene, though Techno was... generally less experienced on *calming* traumatized civilians. More frequently he was doing the traumatizing.

But yeesh, this kid sounded ready to faint. Techno tried to clear his throat. “Hey, try taking a deep breath, kid.”

To his credit, it sounded like he tried to comply, a wet and ragged heave of air following Techno’s suggestion.

Awwwww, he’s tryiiiiing

breathing pog

E

He’s so SCARED I can’t get over it

ENCOURAGE HIM! ENCOURAGE HIM SOME MORE!

Heeeeeeeeh ._. ?? What was Techno supposed to say? It did sound like he would need to say *something* else, though, the kid was... re-escalating.

“Just keep working on it; you’ll get there.”

Techno sat, stiff and awkward, in the dark and cold, and puffed up his cheeks all the way before letting the air out slow. The urge to click his tongue, fidget, tug on his hair maybe—he was so antsy, but he was also *chained to the wall*. How was a man meant to operate like this.

Techno's got the zoomies but nowhere to zoom

Technozoomies

Rating: NOT CUTE! Technoblades require ample space in which to conduct their zoomies. Here we see a Technoblade whose enclosure is far too small. Such cramped conditions are terrible for the health of your Technoblade, always be sure to give them plenty of space to zoom and lots of orphans to kill for enrichment <3

I betcha this kid's an orphan

technozoom

technozoomies

Let us ouuuuuuuuuuuut

Always good to know he could count on Chat to spout random nonsense. Gotta love that.

“You’re sounding a little better,” he said after a while, in part just to say something, in part because the kid did indeed sound a little better.

“Thank you,” the kid responded weakly, barely a whisper, and then seemed to choke on some unintelligible noise. “Th-thanks to you, thank you, thank you sir.”

Minecraft Jesus, this kid was highstrung. Techno watched him approach (well, his floating green eye in an otherwise pitch black room), so he wasn’t exactly caught off guard when the kid wound up *barely* touching his leg, but the kid jerked back like he’d been shot, his head making an audible crack when it hit the wall that had Techno wincing sympathetically. And he didn’t miss a beat, just launched right back into apologies, and Techno begrudgingly felt his heartstrings tugged on. A LITTLE. Just a smidge.

“Keep workin’ on the deep breath thing, kid.”

“I’m sorry!”

“It’s fine,” Techno coaxed, unsure of how to calm people down and praying to the Universe itself that keeping his tone casual would work, eventually. “C’mon back over. I don’t mind.”

“I, I—” The kid sucked in a deep breath. Okay. New tactic. He was clearly allergic to anything that might be even slightly relevant to his own well being, but maybe if Techno made it about himself...

“It’s cold in here,” he mentioned idly. It wasn’t even a lie, the cell was chilly, even if he was used to far more frigid weather than this. “I wouldn’t mind if someone who, y’know, isn’t interested in killing me gets close.”

He cleared his throat uncomfortably, unsure if he was making the right decision here and deeply out of his depth, “Conserving body heat, you know.”

“I, you, really?” the kid gasped out, still sounding like he was one half-second away from hyperventilating. Techno wasn’t gonna be able to soothe him with words, so he hoped that maybe a warm touch would be what it took.

“Come on over,” he beckoned, not sure that would be enough to convince him, but then, hesitantly, that floating green light approached again.

His hand barely flickered over Techno’s thigh again, but he didn’t lurch back this time, so Techno counted that as a win. Then he crawled into Techno’s lap, and Techno was just about to chalk it up as a victory when the kid turned suddenly *ravenous*, urging his rail thin body closer and yanking on Techno’s shoulder in his fever to get closer.

“Hey!” Techno yelped when the collar around his neck dug sharply into his throat.

Predictably, this sent the kid right back into spiraling.

You monster how could you???

Now look what you did. You fucked up a perfectly good Enderman. Look at him he’s got anxiety.

Noooooooo the babey :((((((((

Techno more like TechNO

Poor thing

I STILL just absolutely cannot get over how scared he is omg the WHUMP <3 <3 <3

Say you’re sorry!!!

E

Haha get wrecked shithead. Make him panic harder

Oh nooooooooooooo he was doing so well!

Techno largely ignored Chat as he tried, once more, to calm his panicky new roommate down. Techno just about got frustrated and gave up on the idea when the kid, once again very hesitantly, returned, and draped himself over Techno’s lap, this time safely away from his chained neck. Were it not for the shackles on his wrists, Techno might have pet his hair, likened him to a cat almost, but as it was the two sat in the darkness, a line of warmth where their bodies connected.

Okay.

Shit. Okay.

Techno did not audibly groan cause that was gonna set the kid off again but ALRIGHT. Fine! Yes, Universe, he got the memo, thank you.

He started rerunning his calculations.

His plans.

His contingencies.

This kid was coming with him.

He had a few hours to rest and plan, the kid dozing silently in his lap, the only sensation of movement a light tap every now and then that Technoblade was pretty sure must have been the kid's tail (he was all but positive he'd seen a tail when he was thrown in with him). Then the door opened, flooding the space with light that made Techno squint behind his mask, and he was just about to ponder if the man was here for the skittering little slave again or if Techno was going to *finally* see some forward motion when—

“Alright you filthy criminal,” he spat (literally, there was spittle, *ew*). “Time's up.”

“Oh, great, I've been waiting,” he said mildly, and couldn't really do much to avoid the incoming kick to his stomach, making him seize.

“Think you're a real funny man, don't you?”

“I'm told it's one of my best qualities,” he wheezed tightly. He also really didn't have much recourse against the slap that stung and choked him, the jerking of his neck caught on the unyielding metal. Maybe it was unwise, to rile him up while Techno was literally immobile, but Techno never could stand a bully.

They shackled Techno in a more ambulatory fashion and Techno used the time to make note of the people who were gathered. All men that he and Phil had spoken with previously. All men who Techno had it in his notes were scheduled to die. He wouldn't likely have much opportunity to kill them now, on this trip, and that was a pity, but his top priorities right now were getting Phil out, getting himself out, and getting this weird kid out, ranked by priority not chronologically.

The kid was trailing after them, thankfully, so that got rid of a solid half of his plans where he'd need to reenter the building and search for him. Once outside in that pretty, pretty courtyard, likely tended to by a half dozen underpaid gardeners and lawnmen, Techno was made aware of their plans for him. Ahaha. That was. An execution block. Mmmmmmm pogchamp, great, great great great, cool, sweet. This was just. Swell. Okay, finding a weapon, fiiiinding a weapon, mapping his route out. Things Techno needed to get a very solid idea of *very quickly*.

He was chained between two poles, and he tested their resistance subtly. One of them, the older looking one, swayed ever so slightly at his prodding. It'd take a heavy amount of effort, but Techno was strong and his anxiety already had adrenaline pumping heavily through his

bloodflow. He would've *preferred* to have a strength potion when attempting this nonsense, obviously, but it would be doable. It *had* to be doable.

The stables were visible, far enough away from the guarded front gate that Techno could buy himself some time between getting Carl and whenever someone was gonna put an arrow in his backside from their post. The kid was in the audience, kneeling wide-eyed and distraught next to Arvid. Okay, yeah, he'd need to get him on Carl and—well actually. Big fancy stable like that had some solid doors. Techno could lock them in, potentially barricade it, and make his portal there. Depending, depending, of course, he'd see more of it when he was in there, but okay, that would be Plan A. Plan B was get the kid, get Carl, and head for that front gate.

He didn't usually use shields but this was a situation where he found himself wanting one.

Oh, yeah, and like, someone was talking to/about him, or whatever.

It's actually not a terrible speech all things considered

Lmao Technoscheme

Technoplot

Technoplot!

Technoplot Technoscheme

I'm just glad he agreed to get the poor enderkid

Blood for the Blood God! Slaughter them all!! Blood for the Blood God Blood for the Blood God!

Well on account of him not wanting to die, he wouldn't be picking any fights he didn't have to, but Chat was in good spirits so that was nice he guessed. Nobody moaning about his impending doom or how he was gonna die. He'd have to take their word about the speech, though, aside from the moment when his crown got thrown in front of him (and he really wasn't gonna get the chance to scoop that back up, dangit, he'd *liked* that crown!) and the time someone slapped him (on the *same* cheek as earlier! Ouch!) he was mostly zoned out, just waiting for the uptick in energy that meant someone was gonna come try to kill him.

And someone did.

Someone with an axe.

Okay. Techno took a deep breath. Showtime.

Ripping the pole out of the ground was not a small feat, but he was keyed up enough that it was doable, and in a quick series of movements he got himself mostly freed and sprinting fast, grabbing the kid and hoisting him over his shoulder, and making a line for the stable, then the Nether. He didn't let himself slow down until the magic was broken behind him, preventing followers, and even then he didn't really "slow" as much as "refrained from being

absolutely frantic and more than just a little panicked about the many, many people trying to kill him, his horse, and his new companion.”

Speaking of which, they’d reached the point where it would be awkward to ask the kid his name, hadn’t they? Techno would feel weird; they’d spent hours in each other’s space, and now Techno didn’t know, but if he asked—ah, focus, Nether. He wasn’t armored, and he had a horse and anxious kid with him, one or both might bolt if he wasn’t careful. He tried to steer clear from as many mobs as possible; Carl might be used to monsters but the kid wouldn’t stop shaking or… making noises. Which, that was fine, Techno talked to himself/the voices all the time, so it wasn’t like the noises bothered him, but it did indicate to him that the guy was *not* having a good time.

Techno also ignored the way those noises made his hair stand on end. Depending on how things worked out here, he might end up having to get used to them. At least for the night.

Oh thank the Blood God, Eut’Oob, and the Universe itself, he was going the right direction. He recognized the terrain, terraformed by his many jaunts into the Nether looking for resources and brewing materials. If he’d somehow gone off course, with no compass and nothing more than just a general direction, for *hours*, with enough obsidian to get him into the Nether but not enough to get him back out again, he would have *lost* it.

Carl was happier than Techno was to be home, and that was saying something. Though Techno’s mood was tempered by the fact that his home was, in fact, in shambles, ransacked and wrecked, with anything of value stolen. Really, anything that wasn’t nailed down was stolen. Including all of his *tools*. Okay.

“Catch some sleep, kid,” he said, jerking a thumb at the mattress he’d dragged off its broken bedframe. He had a long night of packing, picking through what was left, and harvesting enough potatoes to get another farm started. Where…ever he was going. He had some weapons in the vault. His clothes, shaped for a pig hybrid of his size, too large and bulky to be worth stealing. But first, he had to take care of Carl.

Then pack.

Then figure out where a good spot for a new base would be. Somewhere far away. This one had been too easily discovered.

(Don’t think about Philza, don’t think about his best friend in danger, one thing at a time and he couldn’t work on that yet).

Then wake the sleeping teen.

“Easy there,” Techno breathed, quieter than he’d really intended, in that darkness of the night as the poor guy *lurched* awake, quivering and covering his head and neck. Half of Techno wanted to reach out and fix it, the other half of Techno wanted to Walk Away Very Briskly Just Speedwalk Away From Your Problems. He could do that, right? Riiiiiiiiight. This was a completely normal and reasonable response to a strange teenager waking up panicked beneath his palm.

“Sorry,” the kid whispered when he seemed to regain his bearings.

“Don’t worry about it,” Techno grunted, speedwalking away from all his problems still looking decidedly appealing. Ugh, he was tired. And he still had a loooooong day left ahead of him. “Time to leave.”

He had the kid help him get the packs to the stable, saddled and loaded Carl (who was NOT happy, but hey, join the crew, buddy) while the kid played errand boy. Oh, but, he was dressed in shorts and what might have been a shirt at some point but was now really little more than a tanktop. Techno was planning on going somewhere cold—the kid was underdressed.

Well, he hadn’t packed all his clothes, there were still some perfectly serviceable articles that he couldn’t be bothered to drag halfway across the world. The kid could wear those. “So it occurred—” he started, but cut off when the kid *wailed*. Every part of Techno that had ever fought an Enderman went on high alert, hand on his axe, hairs on his neck and arms standing directly upright.

But, no, this wasn’t an Enderman aggressor. This was just some halfling kid cowering again, on his knees, staring up at Technoblade with eyes so big and sad Techno felt like a monster for even flinching. He let go of his hilt and held his palms up.

“Easy.”

No effect, except for how the kid bowed his head low, curling around something that he hugged to his chest.

“Easy,” Techno repeated, for lack of anything better to say, “uh.” He was trembling *visibly*, what was Techno supposed to *do*?!? “What, what do you have there?” Oh real brilliant, genius. That was probably just gonna freak him out even worse; he was clearly protective of it.

“My, m-memory book,” the kid answered at length, sounding very much like the answer was dragged out of him. Techno did not know what that was. Chat was ricocheting around in his brain unhelpfully, too, alternately scolding him for distressing the guy or prompting him to take a look at it out of their own ravenous curiosity.

“Okay?” Techno tried. He wasn’t... really all that interested in some stranger’s scrapbook/diary/whatever a “memory book” was. He wasn’t going to steal it or harm it, like the kid seemed to expect from him, just going off body language alone there.

“I’m uh, not going to take it from you.” God, Techno was so bad at this, where was Phil? Phil was a disaster in his own right but at least the guy knew how to *talk* to people.

The kid’s head snapped up, eyes widely disbelieving, and Techno decided it was Time To Change The Subject. Mmmmmm speedwalking away from his problems, mmmmmm.

“I just, wanted to say that we’re heading somewhere cold, so you’re going to need different clothes.” Techno gestured to the chest, wanting to get their collective attention off...

whatever that was, but, eh, he hadn't exactly shown a lot of initiative so far. He went to the chest himself, rifling through the clothes that he hadn't liked enough to pack.

Tried not to feel. Weird.

What even made a kid this scared? Slavery, he guessed, that was. Yeah, that was the obvious answer. Having his agency and autonomy repeatedly and continuously violated and disregarded. Techno tried to imagine a life like that.

Knew he was blessed, that he couldn't.

Techno... cared, for his fellow man, for all that most people wouldn't think it of him. There was always a reason to what he did. Yes, he enjoyed the thrill of a good fight and a good kill, and yes, he was good at it. Yes there was some spiteful satisfaction to seeing the rich man's reaping laid to ruin.

But the sense of justice only came with the knowledge that there were people being harmed, genuinely harmed. People who were scared, downtrodden. Hungry and underdressed and overworked who flinched at the slightest provocation and clung to Technoblade like there was some meager safety there worth clinging to.

He shook off the thoughts of last night, of the desperate way the kid had curled into him in the cell and on Carl's back, and got them into the Nether again. He needed to get them somewhere safe, and then he needed to get Phil. The kid was only one of thousands who had a sob story and Techno couldn't be broken hearted over each one of them, he'd do this kid a good turn and make sure the people who hurt him never hurt anyone else again.

Ooooooooo, Technosoft!

Tsundereblade

Tsundereblade!!! Tsun! Der! E! Blade!!!!

Lmao Techno caught feelings

Step one: do not get attached to the random orphan. Failed step one.

Technosoft technosoft technosoft

Okay tough guy we totally buy your act it's not like you feel bad for him or anything

Does this mean we have to get a babysitter whenever we go on syndicate missions from now on? Maybe Nemesis could do it...

Tsundereblade

Wait guys I just joined is Techno a dad now?

No, Techno was *not* a dad! No, Chat! Where did they even GET these ideas?? He literally JUST met the guy, and decided to do right by him, because it would be a betrayal of his

anarchistic ideals to just LEAVE someone he saw in acute distress with the *horrible* people who were clearly hurting him.

Just because Techno usually operated by helping Everyone At Once in methods that were generally frowned upon didn't mean he couldn't reach out and help one specific dude get out of his situation with an impromptu rescue. He'd set him up somewhere. Drop him off in a village with food and coin. Something. He didn't know. He was tired, Chat, right now the priority was getting to a safe place, getting a safehouse built, and figuring out how to rescue Phil before something terrible happened to the only person Techno *actually* cared about.

We're telling Niki you said that

One of the only *two* people that Techno *actually* cared about!

Chat better start readying their goodbyes, because this kid was *not* staying. Techno was gonna help him, get him somewhere far away from that miserable place and the people that hurt him, and drop him off somewhere that he could start a better life for himself. There were *no attachments* being formed, alright?

Chapter End Notes

Eyyyyy, we're back at this! My brain has been hopping from idea to idea lately but I managed to wrangle it long enough to get this written :3

As always, concrit welcome, and leave a comment if you liked!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

A lil scene for y'all. Ngl this was the length that theoretically all of these POV chapters were intended to be but, *gestures at brain* you know how it goes

From about midway down in [chapter two](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He was going on... two and a half days? He was pretty sure? Phantoms started showing up at three, right?

Well, not like he intended to take that long. His body was heavy as sin and his brain felt like it was leaking out his ears. He pulled away from the crafting table and popped his back, running his tongue over his fuzzy teeth (he'd clean them tomorrow) and pushing his fingers through his tangled hair (he'd comb it tomorrow) and let himself sink down onto the bed with a heavy sigh. He didn't dare lay down. He had to sit, and take off his boots, and get the kid wound down enough to get into the bed that they could sleep. Even *thinking* the word made him yawn.

"Take your shoes off and get in. We'll make you one tomorrow."

"Sir?" Ugghghghhhhhh. Please don't make this be a conversation. Techno wasn't good at conversation on a GOOD day when he was well rested.

He grunted.

"In, in the bed with you?"

Techno paused.

Because not everyone was like him. The kid had responded well to touch, so far. Better than words, though that was likely Techno's own fault (he was, and he knew this, not very good with words). But Techno had met *all* sorts of people in his years, and some people, particularly from highly individual cultures like the kinds that gave birth to rot and monarchy and corrupt governments, some people were very specific about touch. Bedsharing. "Propriety." Techno had never understood it, you slept with your father and mother as a child and friends stayed in your bed during sleepovers, when did someone "grow out" of bedsharing? Where was that line? But then, he'd never understood sex, or the compulsion other people felt towards it, so what metric did he have to go off? He'd always stood apart from various societies, in more ways than just that.

Regardless, he was tired, and he wasn't making another bed for the kid, whether it was proper or not. And he hadn't had a proper night's rest since Phil had moved out, the bed cold and lonely without someone in it. It was hard to sleep, without someone to hold onto.

"S'cold, you know?"

It had worked in the cell. And. Thankfully. It worked here, now. He was slow, hesitant, but the gangly kid crawled into bed with him, and Techno sighed out the tension he'd been carrying. Thank god. Sleep time.

"Sir?"

GOD.

He grunted.

"May I write in my memory book, sir?"

"I do not care," Techno said, because he didn't. Nnng. Eventually they might need to... have a discussion about asking for permission for trivial things. Techno wasn't this kid's master and wouldn't play that part. But clearly this guy had some serious baggage to work through, and—as previously discussed—Techno was too tired for a Conversation that evening. So he left it at that. His eyes closed, his ear flicking once or twice at the scritch of pen on paper, and then the kid let out a sweet little noise, less Ender, less likely to set Techno's hairs on end.

But then, and curse whichever god was in charge of this, the kid started working himself back up. Techno didn't know what about. He didn't have the strength or fortitude to ask. It had been a *long* two and a half days. Even Chat was laying off him, for once, that was how tired he was. He draped an arm over the kid's waist and pulled him closer, ordering a tired, "Go to sleep."

He might've made it worse, but then, after a moment of tension, the kid... relaxed. Twisted back over, pressed himself into Techno's chest and draped an arm over his waist. It felt nice. He wasn't small like Phil was, but it was close enough that Techno's stupid pack-bonding social animal hindbrain settled happily into that touch. Being held. Curled against. It made Techno feel less like the source of the poor guy's terrors and more like he'd done half of something to help with them.

It was a nice feeling.

The kid further affirmed that touch seemed to be a good thing for him, his legs twisting around Techno's and his tail slipping up over Techno's waist, and Techno monitored for just a moment longer before allowing himself the idea that he'd really, actually managed to settle this guy down enough he'd fall asleep.

And so, without further ado, Techno let himself do just that.

Techno: Can't sleep without holding onto a motherfucker

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Techno had vastly overestimated the amount of effort it would take to break in, kill a bunch of people, and get to Phil. Admittedly, as a rule that was why he was so successful: always splash more potions than you need, take more precautions than are necessary, because if you take less then *you're* the dead man.

“Aw, mate, didn’t even leave any for me?” Phil asked with a giggle, his legs kicking idly from where he hung on his gilded swing in his gilded *cage*. That alone was enough to send Techno ballistic.

“Blood for the Blood God, Phil,” Techno stated, trying to keep his tone idle, and used one of the corpse’s weapons to bash the thing’s lock in. No reason to waste durability on his own. Phil hopped down with a small flap of his wings and extended his hand readily, and Techno dropped the weapon to clasp his hand with his own bloodied one, bend down and forward to press his forehead against Phil’s.

“Hey mate. How’re you holding up?”

“Fine,” Techno grunted, breathing deep in the knowledge that he’d gotten to him, he was safe, he was free again and Techno was gonna take him home. “You hurt?”

“Nah mate. Shouldn’t I be the one asking you that?” he asked with a little laugh. He pulled away and brushed Techno’s hair back—it had come a little loose from his braid. That was only to be expected: Techno had fought a little feverishly.

“Please, like any of these *chumps* could land a blow on me. Noooooot even close.”

Phil laughed again and bumped a fist against Techno’s arm lightly. “Well good. I take it you’ve got a base of operation already set up and ready for us to head to?”

“What do you take me for, an amateur? Of course I do.”

Phil laughed, wings fluttering, and then he stretched them out, his arms too. “Oof, been in that cage a little longer than I would’ve liked.”

“If I could, I would revive them just so you could kill them again.”

“Awwwww, mate!” Phil crooned, a parody of lovelorn in his tone, and the two of them had a laugh about that. “You’re so good to me.”

“Tryin’ my best.”

“How’s Chat taking all this?”

Dadza! Dadza!! Dadza!!!

Dadza pog

Phiiiiiiiiil we missed you!!!!!!

Take the birdcage with you that's GOLD people are you crazy?

We have gold at home they're fine

Dadza! Hi!

Say hi to Phil for us Technoooo

And so the priest and the angel were reunited never to be separated again forever and ever the
end

Stab the bodies some more. More blood!

Dadza!

Consider: more violence

Dadza!!! Dadadadadadadadad Phil

Bro... the forehead touching... so tender... do you think they're FWENDS uwu

"They're normal."

Phil spluttered and laughed, likely knowing that Chat had never been "normal" about a single situation in Technoblade's whole entire life.

"Carl make it out?" Phil asked, scanning the courtyard area for a getaway horse, but Techno hadn't wanted to bring his treasured steed into uncharted territory.

"Yeah. Actually," Techno said, checking both ways before they exited the building, the guards' bodies leaving a red waterfall down the steps and stinking up the threshold. "We encountered a uhhhh... weird thing, leaving."

Phil poofed up.

"Weird how?"

"Not bad."

Phil poofed down.

"Just. Ehhhhhhh weird?"

Phil stared at him as Techno attempted to find words for the strange, lanky half-Ender kid he'd dragged halfway across the continent and left in charge of his prized horse.

“Mate?”

“I rescued a kid?” Techno blurted finally. Just. Out with it. Phil’s eyebrows *shot* up.

“You mean like me n’ W—”

“Not like you and Will. We are not adopting anybody else—”

“We.”

“*You* are not adopting anyone else and *I* am not facilitating the doing of so. I saw a random enslaved kid and felt *slightly* bad for him. A trace amount of pity. So I grabbed him on my way out and left him at the new house. He uh—he’s staying.”

“I’m surprised you didn’t shuck him off on the nearest village to deal with.”

“See, I offered? Coin, get him set up somewhere, but I think the recency of being an ex-slave is already kind of a lot for him. He’s not eeeeeeh. Confident? He’s not the kind of guy who takes initiative, from what I saw of him.”

“Mm. What is he like, then?”

“Scared. Basically all the time. He responds well to touch, from what I’ve seen. Half-Ender, he makes *weird* noises.”

“Oh?”

“You know how Endermen’ll talk to each other when we’re still more or less out of range? Sort of like that, but just, like. Grunting and stuff. Little humming noises and just—” Techno waved his hand vaguely. “Noises. You’ll know once you hear them. I think it’s a self soothing thing?”

“Sounds like. Will used to hum to himself.”

“Yeah but like, different than that. Like I said, you’ll know it when you hear it.”

“What’s his other half, human?”

“I don’t think so. I couldn’t tell you what it is, I didn’t ask. Heck, I don’t even know if he would know, he’s got some sort of really terrible memory issue. Has to write it down anything if he wants to remember it, from what I’ve gathered.”

“From what you’ve gathered. Hey, what’s his name?”

Well.

Uh.

You see.

LMAOOOOOO YOU NEVER ASKED

And here we see a wild Technoblade in his natural habitat: realizing he is socially inept

LOLOLOLOLOLOLOLOL

“Uhhhhhhh.”

“Technooo,” Phil said around giggles.

“Okay so *listen*,” he tried, Phil’s laugh getting deeper.

“Techno!”

“I might not have asked.”

“Mate! Oh my god, hahaha!”

“Look, there was a lot happening Phil. I was under a lot of pressure Phil you gotta believe me.”

"You wreck! Ah! Oh, well, I'll ask him when we get home."

“Thanks,” he said stiffly.

They didn't have much to talk about past that. They didn't make a habit of getting caught, in their line of work, but they still had something of a routine. Get out, get home, occasionally comfort each other that yes, he really was just fine and perfectly okay. Well, Phil had to do most of the comforting, on account of Techno doing most of the fussing, but Phil was kind enough not to point that out.

The trip was smooth until right near the end, not far from the village Techno had glanced at. A pillager outpost.

This far north, harassing the villagers in the ways that pillagers were wont to do would easily turn into a death sentence, if left unchecked. Fortunately, Techno still had voices calling out for blood even this far from the estate, and Phil had a bloodlust that had not been sated.

Oh *come on* they had a *ravager*!?

Admittedly the beast was beautiful and Techno did love the look of them, but not when they were *trying to kill him while their riders shot at him with crossbows!!* The ravager had him sweating a little, not gonna lie. Not gonna lie, the ravager wasn't the best possible outcome from this.

They won, because of course they won, but Phil and Techno were both breathing a little harder than they would've necessarily liked. See? This was why Techno always overprepared! Imagine if he'd gone into that underprepared, like some chump.

“Hoo! Okay, you said your place is close?”

“Yeah.”

“I could use a sit.”

“Yeah.” Techno could use one too. What the fuck was up with aging, man? Techno had never agreed to this. He stretched his back with a couple pops, armor plates shifting. He still had it, though. Always worth remembering he still had it.

Together, the two resumed their trek home.

Chapter End Notes

I am in my Feels about Techno once again so here have some QPPs being slightly unhinged. Comments always delight me!

End Notes

Comments/concrit appreciated!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!